

Philly's Mount Airy Elite

of a penetratingly chilly
morning, emptying from

mansions and gym-
sized apartments
in sleep wear.

Auto glass everywhere, glint-
ing weakly. Furious Murder

shouteth then 'pon the frost air.
If perp bumbled by with pet

crowbar, he'd be torn limb
from larceny! Bloody
pyjamas small price to pay.

Seeketh thee Better Angels?
None here in beautiful Mt Airy
of olden, Quaker Philadelphia.